A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, July 26. 1712.

IT Is hard Friends should part so ill-natur'd as I am oblig'd to do with both our Authors of the *Medleys*, *for there are two of them*, but they are both Aggressors; the first attack'd me *à la Mode de Billingsgate*, and being a little surpriz'd with the Lyes and Slander of his Paper, I had written him a full Answer, and had actually sent it to the Press; but just in the interval, I receiv'd the Letter which I publish'd in my last *Review* but one, by which I understood, *if the Author of it says true*, that he is but a Hireling, a Tool of Scandal, a Fellow hir'd to write for pay, to Rail for Money, and not worth my notice; upon this, as I had long ago learn't so much Philosophy, *when an Ass kicks me, not to kick him again*, or that when a Dog barks at me, I should not bark at him again, I laid by my Answer, resolving, by the Contempt of Silence, to let them who Employ'd him know; that I am not to seek how best to Answer an Impotent Slanderer, *viz.* By *saying nothing*; for *Answer* and *Answer* not, is *Solomon's* Rule.

Only with this Promise, which I cannot avoid, That whereas, *he says it can be prov'd that I have taken Money* FOR WRITING REVIEWS, those are his Words; I Challenge all his Employers to prove it, and to name the Person who paid it; and if they cannot, they need not ask me for a Name for them, for they give it themselves, and I hate to be always telling People their own Names, let him do it if he would be thought an Honest Man, or not have honest Men asham'd of him; only let him remember his own Words, FOR WRITING REVIEWS.

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But that which I wonder at most, was to find the other *Medley* upon me too, and I am the more surpriz'd at this, because the Letter I publish'd, *as aboveſaid*, has this Account in it, that tho' the other *Sham Medley* Author was a Hireling and a Scoundrel, yet he that wrote the true *Medley* was a Gentleman, a Man of Modeſty and a Man of Letters —— From this Character, I concluded that it could not be the uſual Author that wrote the Paper of that Day, or at leaſt that part of it, but that the Gentleman being Indiſpos'd, ſome help was unhappily call'd in at that Time, or that there being a notorious Falſity neceſſary to be Publiſh'd, the Gentleman declining it himſelf, was prevail'd with to let ſome Scoundrel take the Drudgery of that part upon him —— And this I ſuggeſt, becauſe I know it is impoſſible that a Gentleman ſhould write any Thing that is Scurrilous and Abuſive upon another, who had never injur'd him, and not be able at the ſame time to prove the Fact.

The Caſe, in ſhort is, that this Mercenary which I ſpeak of, got it Printed in the *Medley*, *God knows how*, without the Author's Conſent I doubt not —— *That he knows who dictates to the* Review: *Medley* N°.... *July* 22.

Now, *God knows*, I write it not to boaſt, for I have as little Money to ſpare, and as much need to ſave it, as any Man in *England*; but I know Money is tempting to a Mercenary, and if it be in his Power, he will accept it, and therefore I hereby offer, whatever Shift I make it, nay, tho' I ſhould Plunder a Church for it, I will pay him One Hundred Guineas at demand, if he will prove by any fair, juſt, and but tolerable Evidence, either who is the Perſon that ever Dictated to the Author of the *Review*, what he ſhould or ſhould not write, or that he knows directly or indirectly, who Dictates to me any thing I write, or farther, that I am Dictated to by any one or more Perſon or Perſons under Heaven: Now, as I believe I know the Informer he depends on, and of whom he may be aſhamed, I'll give him all the Latitude I can, and therefore I'll add more Words to it than he put in; I'll give the ſame Money, if he can prove that I have been dictated or directed in, or Rewarded for any Thing I have written in the *Review*, Matters of Trade excepted.

Now as the Author of the *Medley* is a Gentleman, I appeal to him, whether the Perſon that he was prevail'd upon to permit to write that Paper, be not a worſe Creature than a Gentleman ought to foul his Paper with the Name of, if after he has ſaid *he knows it*, as above, he yet is not able to prove it, being offer'd ſo fair a Reward for it alſo? —— Let him get off of it if he can; if it is true, I Challenge him to prove it, if it is a Lye, why did he Print it?

Who can but ſmile to ſee *to what Shifts Men run*, to cry down the Man, when they cannot cry down the Argument; certainly what this *Review* writes, muſt have ſome ſtrange Force in it, ſome unuſual Energy, that they will not allow me to be the Author of it myſelf —— But I muſt have the Materials from the greateſt Heads in the Nation; they do me an Honour that I do not deſerve, and which they do not deſign for an Honour, but will for ever be ſo in ſpight of them: Methinks it would become theſe Men better, to Anſwer what I ſay, than to ſpend their Time in Railing at me, eſpecially ſince they cannot beſtow that Labour upon any Man in *Britain*, that has leſs Concern for it —— But why do they not come to the Point?

Why do they not Confute me, inſtead of Railing? *Why do they not tell me a Reaſon*, Why the Crown of *Spain* was given to *Charles* III. when his Father and Elder Brother was yet Alive?

Why do they not Anſwer the IXth Article of the Treaty of Partition, where all the Conceſſions of the *Spaniſh Monarchy* were made, with this expreſs Limitation, *On Condition that they ſhould never deſcend to the Perſon of an Emperor or King of the* Romans?

Why do they not prove to us the Wiſdom and Neceſſity of that fooliſh, headlong piece of Politicks of the Confederates,

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in making him that they had declar'd King of *Spain* be afterwards chosen Emperor, which is the only thing that has Ruin'd all the honest Designs of the War, and made it Unreasonable to carry it on any farther?

Why do they not tell us, What Spirit the *Austrian* Monarch discover'd, in his late Letter to the *Swiss Cantons*? And whether it is not telling us plainly, that the Old Blood runs still in the same Veins, and that the Spirit of Persecution is *like the Great Lip*, Hereditary to the Family?

Why do they not tell us which Way this Nation can stand Neuter, if the Confederates carry on the War without us?

Why do they not tell us, if a War ensue with *Holland*, What will be our Case, as to the Protestant Succession and the *Pretender*?

Why do they not tell us, Whether the Peace had not better be closed with, than that we should run the Hazard of all the Fatal Consequences to this Nation, if a War with the *Dutch* should happen, nay, tho' the Peace were worse than it is?

If these Things can be answer'd, Why do they not do it? That would be a better Method than throwing Dirt at the Author, all which with double stench flies back in their Faces; let them Answer, if they can, if they cannot, they shall raise all the Scandal upon me that they please, and tell Untruths till they are black in the Face, but they shall never be able to silence that Truth which pinches them so sorely.

What is it to the Argument, who dictates to the *Review*, and who pays me for Writing? I wish *for my own sake* they did not Lye, and I wish *for their sakes*, that what they said *was* true; *if it were*, it would not be with me as it is, and I would look many of them in the Face that now Insult me — But whoever Dictates to me, let them Answer it if they can — I am sure the making Lyes their Refuge, is a Dishonour to the Cause they Espouse, and to the People who Espouse them — But two *Medley*'s in a Nation! and both Espousing the *Whigs* Cause! and both assert what they cannot prove! fie, fie! the Cause of the *Whigs* was ever a Cause that despis'd the Assistance of Falsity and Forgery, till now; the *Whigs* never rose by Lying and Forging, and they will never stand by Lying and Forging: *Oliver Cromwell* when he was Captain of a Troop of Horse, was Engag'd near *Ailsbury* with a Party of the King's Cavalry, who he was oblig'd to fight at great odds, and the Officer thinking himself sure of the Victory, upbraided him in the heat of the Action, in this manner; *Now, you Roundheaded Dogs, Where's your Lord of Hosts? Cromwell*, as if he took new Force from the Words, calls out aloud to his Men, thus——— *Fall on*, Gentlemen, *the Day's our own, the Enemy Blaspheme*; and it Discourag'd the other so, that they quickly fled, and were most of them cut in pieces: What will the Enemies of the *Whigs* say, when they see their Advocates Act thus? They'll cry out, *The Day's our own, for the Enemy fly to Lyes for their Refuge*; and while this is true, while this Accursed Thing is among you, you will always flee, and turn your Backs before your Enemies.

For shame, Gentlemen of the *Whig Party*, either oblige your Writers to speak Truth, or else discard and disown them *If not*, your Posterity will disown you; for the true Cause and Interest of the *Whigs*, wants no Slander, no Lying, no charging falsly, no Rage, no Fury to carry it on.

What think ye of a Printed *Lye* in another Case, *another Lye of the Week*, a *Lye* with a double Aspect, and both Ways false? *viz.* In one Paper we are told that the *French* have not entirely Surrender'd *Dunkirk* to us, and that the *Gazette* speaks doubtfully of it and uncertain — And the same Author in another Paper, gives us an Account of the terrible Works the *French* are making at *Gravelin*, and that the Port is so much better there than at *Dunkirk*, that they have 2 Foot Water more there for their Ships, and that it will be made so much better a Port than *Dunkirk*, that the putting *Dunkirk* into our Hands, will be of less Value than we pretend to; all which is not only false in Fact, but it is Ridiculous

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to imagine, the King of *France* would have beſtow'd ſo many Millions of Money on the Fortifications and Harbour of *Dunkirk*, if in *Gravelin*, which is the next Town, there was 2 Foot Water more for the Ships.

What dreadful Days do *we* live in, that even the beſt of Men, and in the beſt Cauſe, Embrace Lyes, and fly to Falſhood and Slander, to carry on their own Meaſures—I remember a piece of Mob Poetry, which I ſaw once upon a Sign in the Country, which, I think, ſuits well with this Day, and with which I ſhall cloſe.

The Nation ſtruggles with her Fate,
We fear ſhe will be wiſe too late;
Few our true Intereſt underſtand,
And Knaves *and* Fools *o'errun the Land;*
Help Lord and ſtand unto us,
Or Knaves *and* Fools *will quite undo us.*

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